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A Study In Modern Fairy Drama.

A STUDY IN MODERN FAIRY DRAMA

BY

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THESIS

FOR THE

DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS

IN

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Miss Oline Dean Hornel

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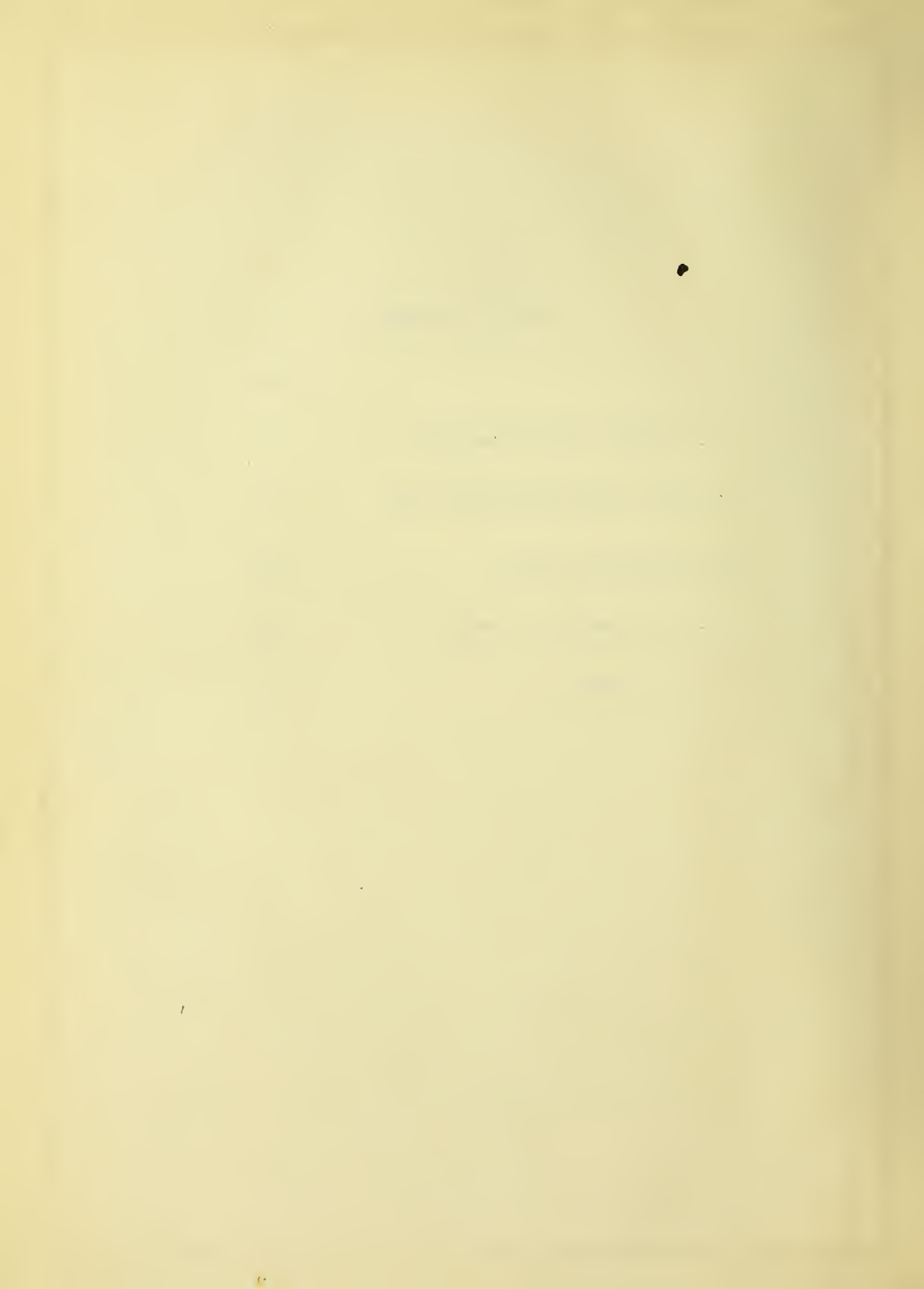
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A STUDY IN MODERN FAIRY DRAMA

I.

THE EARLY ENGLISH TRADITION

To appreciate certain developments in Modern Fairy Drama, one must have the historical background afforded by a brief survey of the Fairy tradition in its earlier manifestations. Fairy drama may be said to have had its inception in English Literature in the Elizabethan era, though the tradition itself is much older. Fairy scenes had long been frequent in the rich and elaborate pageantry which accompanied the festivities of Christmas, New Year's, Twelfth Night, Candlemas, Shrovetide, and Mary Day. Scenes of elfin revel had become an important feature of the more fanciful and spectacular court masques of the period, and Puck with his pranks was a traditional "minion of waggery."¹ Yet it remained for Shakespeare and Ben Jonson to etherealize and to vivify these stock figures, which reacted with a puppet-like accuracy to hackneyed and conventional situations and to endow them with personality and real dramatic significance.

By way of illustration, I may cite a fairy scene from Lyly's Endymion (1579). Corsites has set out to move the sleeping Endymion, at the behest of the jealous sweetheart of the latter. But Endymion as valiant hero of the piece, commands the fairies' good will and protection.

1. Clark, Shakespeare-Characters, p. 105

"Enter Fairies. They dance and with a song pinch him (Corsites) and he falleth into a sleep. They kiss Endymion and depart.

Song

Omnes. Pinch him, pinch him black and blue.
 Saucy mortals must not view
 What the queen of stars is doing,
 Nor pry into our Fairy wooing.

First Fairy. Pinch him blue.

Second Fairy. And pinch him black.

Third Fairy. Let him not lack
 Sharp nails to pinch him blue and red
 Till sleep has rock'd his addle head.

Fourth Fairy. For the trespass he hath done
 Spots o'er all his flesh shall run.
 Kiss Endymion - kiss his eyes.
 Then to our midnight heidegyes." ¹

Here we have a typical treatment; - airy sprites, mere tricky wills with wings, introduced at a crucial instant to further the welfare of the romantic hero. Their mission being accomplished in the conventional manner, they vanish lightly away to their equally conventional midnight roundels in a dewy forest glade.

Dekker's Old Fortunatus (1590) may be cited as an excellent example of Elizabethan dramatic fairy tale. And Jonson's Sad Shepherd

1. Endymion, Act IV, Scene III.

(1641), though a fragment, is perhaps the most noteworthy of the fairy pastoral plays so popular in this period. Here we find a distinct advance over the treatment in *Endymion*. Jonson's Puck-hairy is not a conventional sprite, but a supernatural being of rare intelligence and tact, who cunningly manipulates the tangled threads of a complicated plot. Robin Hood and his merry men, the love-lorn pastoral maids, their doting shepherd lads, and Maudlin, the malignant witch of Paplewick, are all alike in his control. I quote a specimen of his theory of tactics.

"The fiend hath much to do that keeps a school.

* * * *

His labors must be great as are his care
To watch all turns, and cast how to prevent them.
This dame of mine, Maudlin, grows high in evil
And thinks she does all, when 'tis I her devil
That both delude her and must yet protect her.

* * * *

I must go dance about the forest now
And firk it like a goblin till I find her.
Then will my service come worth acceptation
When not expected of her; when the help
Meet the necessity and they do kiss
'Tis called the timing of a duty, this."¹

But such a canny "fiend" as we have here bears little resemblance save in name to Shakespeare's immortal "lob of spirits" in the Midsummer

1. Sad Shepherd, Act III, Scene I.

Night's Dream. That "merry wanderer of the night" is the Puck of tradition, but yet a Puck transcendent, "the echo of whose laugh has reverberated from age to age, striking the promontories and headlands of eternal poetry."¹ The iridescent setting for his gay maneuverings is the fairy court with all its spangled mimicry of mortal pomp. Here Titania and Oberon hold airy dominion and the gossamer spirits Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth and Mustardseed dart hither and thither to do their royal behest. With what dainty and regal grace Titania gives her commands:

"Come, now, a roundel and a fairy song,
Then for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill cankers in the musk rose-buds,
Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats, and some keep back
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices and let me rest."²

Such portrayal of the fairy folk is pure exuberance of phantasy, wholly lacking symbolical intent, - and such, it seems to me, is the typical English tradition; - as distinct from the more philosophical continental. In his discussion of A Midsummer's Night's Dream, Gervinus has set forth what seem to me the essentials of this English conception. These fairies are "beings without finer feelings and without mortality. The effects of the confusion which they produce cause no mental impression on themselves.

1. Clark, Shakespeare-Characters, p. 106

2. Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II, Scene II

They are without a higher intellectuality; they never reflect; there is no trace in them either of contemplation or of expression of sentiment. They are without the higher intellectual capacities of human nature. Their joy is to couch on flowers, while the wings of butterflies fan them to rest. Their thoughts are merely directed toward the physical. Their sympathies are with butterflies and nightingales; it is upon hedge-hogs, toads and bats that they make war; their chief delights are dance, music, and song. It is only the sense of the Beautiful which elevates them above mere animal life." ¹

But what of the Fairies in The Tempest? Obviously they cannot be included in the class Gervinus has described. Though spiritually akin to Oberon, Puck, Titania and Peaseblossom, beings less than children, the delicate Ariel and Caliban the gross are yet beings more than men. Both are thoroughly self-conscious, ever aware of their peculiar environment and the results of their contact with men.

"Hast thou who are but air a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions?"

Prospero asks Ariel with something like surprise. With his intense yearning for freedom Ariel is the very spiritualization of human sympathy, joy and aspiration. Caliban, on the other hand, is a veritable incarnation of human grossness and unmoral cunning, - a peculiarly sensitive being, of superior intellect but a moral idiot, whose strongest desires are but acquisitive and wholly unspiritual.

"Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears and sometimes voices
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then in dreaming
The clouds, methought, would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that when I wak'd
I cried to dream again." ¹

We rarely find in Continental drama symbolism more exquisite or philosophy more profound.

From the magic pen of Shakespeare we have then a masterpiece in either tradition. For A Midsummer Night's Dream embodies the very essence of airy phantasy while The Tempest is replete with haunting symbolism. It shall be my endeavour to trace briefly the varied expressions these traditions have since found, up to their present embodiment in Barrie's Peter Pan on the one hand, and The Blue Bird of Maeterlinck on the other.

1. The Tempest, Act III, Scene II

II.

EARLY CONTINENTAL FAIRY DRAMA

We shall need to touch but lightly upon the earlier Continental Fairy Drama. Its beginnings may be traced to the Italian *commedia dell'arte*, the source of English Pantomime and of the later very popular Viennese "posse." In the sixteenth century fairy scenes were perhaps first employed for an essentially symbolical purpose in the Spanish festival plays known as "autos," a type in which Lope de Vega (1562-1635) excelled. But the first fairy play of real significance was the work of Calderon de Barca (1600-1681), Life is a Dream (*La Vida es Sueno* 1640) is chiefly important for its very direct influence upon the later Viennese and particularly upon Franz Grillparzer (1791-1872).

For a half century preceding Grillparzer the gay and fantastic Viennese "Posse" had become increasingly popular. The humour of the Posse was a humour of situation and of local allusions. The conventional comic device was to place an ordinary citizen of Vienna amid the grotesque surroundings of Fairyland. Shikaneder's magic flute (*Die Zauberflöte* 1790) which inspired Mozart's loveliest music was essentially a play of this type. But the "Posse" is of interest to us chiefly because it served as inspiration to Ferdinand Raimund (1790-1836) in the composition of five charming fairy plays. ¹

-
1. The Barometermaker on the Enchanted Island (*Der Barometermacher auf der Zauberinsel* 1823)
 - The Diamond of the King of Celestial Spirits (*Der diamont des Geisterkönig's* 1825)
 - The Peasant as a Millionaire (*Der Bauer als Millionär* 1826)
 - The Mountain-king and the Misanthrope (*Der Alpenkönig und der Menschenfeind* 1828)
 - The Spendthrift (*Der Verschwender* 1833)

I quote the following comment by Pollak. "Raimund's allegorical fairies and mountain spirits typify the play of the primary emotions of the human heart, its struggles with familiar failings, the lessons of adversity, and the ravages of age. His genial elves laugh and weep with the workaday heroes and heroines of the plays; their talk alternates pleasantly between high German and local dialect and abounds in jokes and puns and allusions to things which only pure-blooded Viennese can fully relish. It is all so gay and innocent and simple that we often wonder where the charm and the poetry lie, until we leave the theatre or rise from the reading, moved as only the inexplicable charm of true poetry can move us." ¹

Raimund's plays furnish excellent illustration of the didactic element which we find ever lurking in the background of Continental fairy dramas and frequently coming quite frankly to the fore. Thus The Peasant and the Millionaire (Der Bauer als Millionär 1826) obviously points the lesson that riches do not always bring happiness, and hence that contentment in humble circumstances is a very laudable virtue. Raimund puts vividly before us the transition of the simple peasant to the millionaire, becoming through continued self-indulgence but a feeble invalid and eventually reduced by reverses to a tottering old ashman with his ashbox and iron crook. His piercing cry makes an infinite appeal -

"Ashes!

O Lord, what a miserable wreck I am! - Ashes!

What have I been and what am I? - Ashes!" ²

-
1. Pollak, Grillparzer and the Austrian Drama, p. 5
 2. The Peasant as Millionaire, Act V, Scene 5

We find a similar element in Grillparzer's great popular success The Dream, a Life (Der Traum ein Leben 1831). The hero of the play is an ambitious youth who on the eve of attaining humble happiness through his marriage to a maiden of the village is incited to a daring adventure which is to result in boundless riches and glory. He falls asleep in his uncle's humble cottage, and deeds and crimes which his troubled dreams conjure up are placed before the spectator in a bewildering series of exciting incidents. At last, when about to meet just retribution for his crimes, he is suddenly restored to his bed. The images melt away; he awakens, and realizes it has all been a troubled dream. He at once gratefully seeks out his betrothed and renounces forever the treacherous paths of ambition.

"Life bestows a single treasure:

Quiet peace for guileless hearts.

Spurn ambition's reckless pleasure,

Idle glory's empty arts."¹

Grillparzer's play is further notable as the first of any merit in which the dream device is employed as a sort of bridge to the fairy element. Pollak² refers to it as a "psychological study of dream life. The characters come and go with the shadowy uncertainty of dream phantoms and yet the whole is consistent and dissolves itself into a convincing story." Such employment of the dream for psychological effect has become in the present day an almost inseparable element of the technique of Continental Fairy Drama. Ibsen, Hauptman, Strindberg and Maeterlinck make

1. The Dream, a Life, Act V, Scene III

2. Pollak, Grillparzer and the Austrian Drama, p. 286

use of it with fine artistic skill to span the ever widening gap between our everyday world and their realm of fairy fancy. Perhaps we may regard it as a kind of artistic concession to that very spirit of romantic skepticism from which Peter Pan so eloquently attempts to recall us.

A sketch of Continental Fairy Drama would be in no sense complete without mention of Goethe's masterpiece. Faust (1833) may be regarded as the mighty culmination of the more philosophical motifs to be observed in all the drama of the Continent, and particularly in that of the Germans. It stands apart as a great artistic monument, and towers, serene and unapproachable, over all Teutonic literature. But it has little or no direct bearing upon subsequent fairy drama.

III.

MODERN FAIRY DRAMA

Scandinavian influence upon Modern Fairy Drama is very direct and so extensive that it seems well to trace briefly its beginnings. The earliest contribution is that of the Danish Adam Oehlenschlaeger (1779-1850), a play entitled Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp (Aladdin eller der forunderlige Lampe 1805) and based upon the familiar eastern tale. To the Danes this fairy play, Payne tells us, came to signify the "Gospel of genius, the glorification of the magic power which commands the deepest secrets of existence, the song of the joy of life and the new birth of the spirit after an age of prosaic and uninspired enlightenment,"¹ and left an indelible impression upon Northern culture. However that may be, from this point down to the most recent fairy plays the chain of influence of drama upon drama is almost without a break. Thus, we are told that Aladdin served as very direct inspiration to Hans Christian Anderson, Oehlenschlaeger's devoted disciple.² In 1887 Holger Drachman (1846-) produced his exquisite lyrical phantasy, Once Upon a Time (Es Var Ennial 1886), a musical dramatization of Anderson's The Swineherd. As a fancy operetta Drachman's play really belongs to another field of art. But it is important to us for its alleged influence upon the development of German Fairy Drama. Hauptman, Fulda, and others, cite it as inspiration and

1. William M. Payne, Warren's Library of the World's Best Literature, Vol. 27, p. 10745

2. Ibid.

German critics very generally point to it as directly responsible for the modern resuscitation of the "~~m~~ärchen drama."¹

However, Otto Heller in his book on Ibsen claims that distinction for Peer Gynt (1667) on the grounds that "for naturalization of this variety of drama in recent times Ibsen with Peer Gynt was the first eloquent sponsor and must be named prominently among the influences that have made modern art a synthesis of realism and romanticism."² And we are bound to admit that however potent has been Drachman's influence on the Germans, Ibsen's is without doubt of more general significance. Peer Gynt is a combination of realism and romanticism written when Ibsen was passing from his romantic to his realistic period. In place of monologues and self revealing dialogues the inner ideas of the hero are visualized and enacted on the stage as fairy scenes, which permit of the suspension of all natural laws and ordered processes, so that the author enjoys full license of invention in furthering his psychological purpose. The result is a "vivid phantasmagory,"³ far superior to anything that had as yet been written because of its perfect welding together of the realistic and the fairy elements.

Such harmonious integration is without doubt due to what might be called an Ibsenian refinement of the device used heretofore only in the portrayal of dreams. But instead of letting his hero go to sleep and merely visualizing his dreams, Ibsen does something far bolder in bringing

1. These dramas being inaccessible in English translation, the writer was dependent upon casual criticism in her conclusions.

2. Heller, Henrik Ibsen, Plays and Problems, p. 85

3. Ibid. p. 86

before us Peer Gynt's inmost thoughts and fears, hopes and aspirations, personified by grotesque beings from Norwegian fairy lore. I quote a passage from that splendid scene where Solveig has left her family in the valley and given herself to Peer, who is outlawed in the mountains.

Peer

* * *

Solveig! let me look at you! Not too near!
 Only to look at you! Oh but you are bright and pure!
 Let me lift you! Oh, but you are fine and light!
 Let me carry you, Solveig, and I'll never be tired!
 I will not soil you. With outstretched arms
 I will hold you far from me, lovely and warm one!
 Oh, who would have thought I could draw you to me, -
 Oh, but I have longed for you, day long and night long.
 Here you may see I've been hewing and building; -
 It must down again, dear; it is ugly and mean --

Solveig

Be it mean or brave, - here is all to my mind.
 One so lightly draws breath in the teeth of the wind.
 Down below it was airless; one felt as though choked;
 That was partly what drove me in fear from the dale.
 But here, with the fir branches sighing o'er head, -
 What a stillness and song! - I am here in my home.

Peer

And know you that surely? For all your days?

Solveig

The path I have trodden leads back never more.

Peer

You are mine then! In! In the room and let me see you!

Go in! I must go to fetch fir roots for fuel.

Warm shall the fire be and bright shall it shine;

You shall sit softly and never be a-cold.

(He opens the door. Solveig goes in. He stands still for a while, then laughs aloud with joy and leaps into the air.)

Peer

My king's daughter! Now I have found her and won her!

Hei! Now the palace shall rise, deeply founded!

(He seizes his axe and moves away; at the same moment an Old-looking Woman, in a tattered green gown, comes out from the wood; An Ugly Brat, with an ale-flagon in his hand, limps after, holding on to her skirt.)

The Woman

Good evening, Peer Lightfoot!

Peer

What is it? Who's there?

The Woman

Old friends of yours, Peer Gynt! My home is near by

We are neighbors.

Peer

Indeed! That is more than I know.

The Woman

Even as your hut was builded mine built itself too.

Peer
(going)

I'm in haste --

The Woman

Yes, that you are always, my lad;
But I'll trudge behind you and catch you at last.

Peer

You're mistaken, good woman!

The Woman

I was so before:
I was when you promised such mighty fine things.

Peer

I promised - ? What devil's own nonsense is this?

The Woman

You've forgotten the night when you drank with my sire?
You've forgot-- ?

Peer

I've forgot what I never have known.
What's this that you prate of? When last did we meet?

The Woman

When last we met was when first we met.

(To the Brat)
Give your father a drink; he is thirsty, I'm sure.

Peer

Father? You're drunk, woman! Do you call him -- ?

The Woman

I should think you might well know the pig by its skin!

Why, where are your eyes? Can't you see that he's lame

In his shank just as you are lame in your soul?

Peer

Would you have me believe - ?

The Woman

Would you wriggle away - ?

Peer

This long-legged urchin - !

The Woman

He's shot up apace.

Peer

Dare you, you troll-snout, father on me - ?

The Woman

Come now, Peer Gynt, you're as rude as an ox.

(Weeping)

Is it my fault if no longer I'm fair,

As I was when you lured me on hillside and lea?

Last fall in my labour the Fiend held my back,

And so 'twas no wonder I came out a fright.

But if you would see me as fair as before,

You have only to turn yonder girl out of doors,

Drive her clean out of your sight and your mind; -
Do but this, dear my love, and I'll soon lose my snout!

Peer

Begone from me, troll-witch!

The Woman

Ay, see if I do!

Peer

I'll split your skull open!

The Woman

Just try if you dare!

Ho Ho, Peer Gynt, I've no fear of blows!
Be sure I'll return every day of the year.
Through the door, set ajar, I'll peep in at you both.
When you're sitting with your girl on the fireside bench, -
When you're tender, Peer Gynt, when you'd pet and caress
her,--

I'll seat myself by you, and ask for my share.
She there and I - we will take you by turns.
Farewell, dear my lad, you can marry tomorrow.

* * * *

Peer

And all this - !

The Woman

For nothing but thoughts and desires!
It is hard on you, Peer!

Peer

It is worse for another!

Solving, my fairest, my purest gold!¹

Thus we find Peer's mental processes projected before us in the form of concrete personalities.

I have quoted this passage at length because it serves as an example not only of Ibsen's method of integration and his almost bewildering symbolism, but also of that naturalizing element of which Heller speaks. Ibsen's fairy beings are less romantically conceived than the mortals of his play. They are vividly realistic, colorful and grotesque, a more virile type and a most interesting contrast to the dainty and ethereal sprites of English lore.

A fourth play to be considered in this group is Strindberg's allegorical phantasy Lucky Pehr (Lycko Pero Resa 1883), the first of that genre to which Fulda, Bernstein and Strindberg made such charming contributions and which find artistic consummation in Peter Pan and the Blue Bird. Though essentially juvenile in appeal when compared to the profoundly symbolical fairy dramas of Ibsen and Hauptman, these plays are a delight to grown-ups as well as children.

Lucky Pehr has lived all his life in a high church tower with his father the sexton, a solitary misanthrope whose dearest wish is to keep his son ever uncontaminated by the wickedness of the world below them. But the merry elves who dwell in the belfry and whom the old man has offended have quite different plans for Pehr. They wish him to learn by experience, and on Christmas Eve they endow him with the means of liberty, - a

1. Peer Gynt, Act III, Scene III

magic ring which will grant his every wish, with the gentle spirit Lisa affording him guidance and protection. Pehr sets forth into the world in quest of true happiness. The scenes which follow irradiate shrewd philosophy, kindly humour and airy cinicism. Young Pehr, callow, impulsive, thinking only of himself, passes from disillusion to disillusion seeking vainly the happiness which eludes him. Not until he learns to love another than himself does he discover true happiness with the tenderly faithful Lisa, whose pure devotion redeems not only Pehr but his father, bound all these years by an evil enchantment of hate. In a closing scene the Shadow gently voices the philosophy of the play. "Life is not such as you saw it in your youthful dreams. It is a desert, that is true; but a desert which has its flowers; this is a stormy sea, but one that has its ports by verdant isles."¹

Henderson avers that Lucky Pehr must certainly have influenced Maeterlinck in the writing of the Blue Bird (1908) since each depicts in allegorical guise the spiritual progress of youth in the quest for happiness.² It seems too that we may find more specific resemblances. For as Lisa guards the pilgrimage of Lucky Pehr, so is Light ever solicitous of the welfare of the children in the Blue Bird. And it is noteable that we find in Lucky Pehr our first instance of the personification, or perhaps we should say humanization, of animals for a dramatic purpose. The whimsical portrayal of Nisse and Nilla, the pair of rats whose "little ones have all been lost" in the cruel trap of the sexton, may well foreshadow Maeterlinck's treatment of the cat Tylo and the dog Tylethe in the Blue Bird. Throughout

1. Lucky Pehr, Act V, p. 170

2. Henderson, European Dramatists, p. 73

the whole play we find too that genial and sympathetic delineation of the fairy folk which adds so much to the charm of the Blue Bird. Says an elf on venturing to approach the altar in the church, "True it is holy ground, and we were not allowed to become participants in the Great Redemption because - well, because something which we mustn't know about came between. But that does not prevent the humans from believing some good of us; and in that they do right, for the matter has its sides. Even we lost souls can rejoice in the happiness of Others." ¹ And we are reminded of Light's beautiful farewell to the children in a closing scene of the Blue Bird: "Alas! This door is closed to us and I must leave you. . . I have not a voice like Water; I have only my brightness, which man does not understand. But I watch over him to the end of his days. Never forget that I am speaking to you in every spreading moonbeam, in every twinkling star, in every dawn that rises, in every lamp that is lit, in every good and high thought of your soul." ²

This alleged influence on Maeterlinck becomes doubly interesting when we consider Strindberg's next fairy play, Swanwhite (Svanchvit, 1902), written nearly twenty years later. For in this case the tables are turned quite completely and Strindberg testifies to the inspiration he has gained from Maeterlinck. In his Open Letters to the Intimate Theatre (Stockholm, 1909) he writes as follows: "I had long had in mind skimming the cream of our most beautiful folk ballads in order to turn them into a picture for the stage. Then Maeterlinck came across my path and under the influence of his puppet plays which are not meant for the regular stage, I wrote my

1. Lucky Pehr, Act V, p. 167

2. Blue Bird, Act V, Scene I

Swedish scenic spectacle, Swanwhite. It is impossible either to steal or borrow from Maeterlinck. It is even difficult to become his pupil, for there are no free passes that give entrance to his world of beauty. But one may be urged by his example into searching one's own dust heaps for gold, and it is in that sense that I acknowledge my debt to my master."

Swanwhite has the distinction of being the first fairy play in which the purely scenic element is stressed, an element which has since become a feature of paramount importance in the writing and producing of fairy plays. Strindberg gives detailed directions for the pictorial setting of his "spectacle."

"An apartment in a medieval stone castle. The walls and the cross vaulted ceiling are whitewashed. In the center of the rear wall is a triple arched doorway leading to a balcony with a stone balustrade. There are draperies of brocade over the doorway. Beyond the balcony appear the top branches of a rose garden, laden with white and pink roses. In the background there can be seen a white, sandy beach, and the blue sea.

"To the right of the main doorway is a small dorr which when left open discloses a vista of three closets, one beyond the other. The first one is stored with vessels of pewter arranged on shelves. The walls of the second closet are hung with all sorts of costly and ornate garments. The third closet contains piles and rows of apples, pears, melons, pumpkins, and so forth.

"The floors of all the rooms are inlaid with alternating squares of black and red. At the center of the apartment stands a gilded dinner table covered with a cloth; a twig of mistletoe is suspended above the

table. A clock and a vase filled with roses stand on the table, near which are placed two gilded tabourets. Two swallows' nests are visible on the rear wall above the doorway. A lion skin is spread on the floor near the foreground. At the left, well to the front, stands a white bed with a rose-coloured canopy supported by two columns at the head of the bed (and by none at the foot). The bed-clothing is pure white except for a coverlet of pale-blue silk. Across the bed is laid a night dress of finest muslin trimmed with lace. . . . A small gilded table in Roman style (with round top supported by a single column) is placed near the bed; also a lamp-stand containing a Roman lamp of gold. At the right is an ornamental chimney piece. On the mantel stands a vase with a white lily in it.

"In the left arch of the doorway a peacock is asleep on a perch with its back turned toward the audience.

"In the right arch hangs a huge gilded cage with two white doves at rest.

"As the curtain rises, the three maids are seen in the doorways of the three closets, each one-half hidden by the door-post against which she leans. Signe, the false maid, is in the pewter closet, Elsa in the clothes closet, and Tova in the fruit closet.

"The duke enters from the rear. After him comes the stepmother carrying in her hand a wire-lashed whip.

"The stage is darkened when they enter."¹

1. Swanwhite, stage directions for Scene I.

Strindberg has succeeded remarkably in preserving the spirit of the Swedish fairy tale with its traditional cruel stepmother and atmosphere of magic, while yet bending it to convey his own philosophy of true love triumphant over all. Swanwhite herself is infinitely charming; "half child, half maid; knowing nothing, yet guessing all; playing with love as a while ago she was playing with her dolls." ¹ When still but a cradled babe, so the story runs, her troth was plighted to the youthful King of Rigalid, whom she has never yet seen, such being the courtly usage. But the time to tie the sacred knot is drawing near. To teach her the deportment of a queen and courtly manners the king has sent a prince with whom she is "to study reading out of books, gaming at chess, treading the dance, and playing on the harp." ² But, the duke her father warns her, she must never ask the prince's name, for it is prophesied that whosoever calls him by his name shall have to love him. Such are the duke's instructions as he goes away to war, leaving with Swanwhite a "wonder horn" of carved ivory upon which she will need to blow but once if ever she is in danger and help will come.

Then the little prince arrives and in a scene of exquisite delicacy Swanwhite guesses his name and they are fathoms deep in love almost at once. Whereupon the cruel stepmother who is really a wicked witch, is very wroth, for she had intended her own daughter Lena to be the bride of the Prince. She summons all her evil spells to thwart their bliss, and Swanwhite is quite helpless, for even her Wonder Horn has been discovered.

1. Tor Hedburg, from the Introduction to Swanwhite by Edwin Bjorkman, p. 4.
 2. Swanwhite, Scene I

The setting for the second scene is the same as the first, - "but the gold gates at the rear are shut. The peacock and doves are sleeping. The golden clouds in the sky are as dull as the sea itself, and the land that appears in the far distance.

Swanwhite is lying on the bed; she has on a black garment of homespun.

A swan is seen flying above the rosery, and trumpet calls are heard like those made by flocks of migrating swans.

The Mother of Swanwhite, all in white, appears outside the gates. Over one arm she carries the plumage of a swan and on the other one a small harp of gold. She hangs the plumage on one of the gates, which opens of its own accord, and then closes in the same way behind her. She enters the room and places the harp on the table. Then she looks around and becomes aware of Swanwhite. At once the harp begins to play.

Having kissed Swanwhite on the forehead, she prepares to leave. At that moment a white swan is seen to pass by outside, and one hears a trumpet call like the one heard before. Shortly afterward the Mother of the Prince, also in white, enters through the gate, having first hung her swan plumage on it.

Swanwhite's Mother: Well met, my sister! How long before the cock will crow?

Prince's Mother: Not very long. The dew is rising from the roses, the corn crake's call is heard among the grass, the morning breeze is coming from the sea.

Swanwhite's Mother: Let us make haste with what we have on hand, my sister.

Prince's Mother: You called me so that we might talk over our children.

Swanwhite's Mother: Once I was walking in a green field in the land that knows no sorrow. There I met you, whom I had always known, yet had not seen before. You were lamenting your poor boy's fate, left to himself here in the vale of sorrow. You opened up your heart to me and my own thoughts that dwell unwillingly below were sent in search of my deserted daughter, destined to marry the young king, who is a cruel man, and evil.

Prince's Mother: Then I spoke, while you listened: "May worth belong to worth; may love, the powerful, prevail; and let us join these lonely hearts in order that they may console each other!"

Swanwhite's Mother: Since then heart has kissed heart and soul enfolded soul. May sorrow turn to joy, and may their youthful happiness bring cheer to all the earth!

Prince's Mother: If it be granted by the powers on high!

Swanwhite's Mother: That must be tested by the fire of suffering.

Prince's Mother: (Taking in her hand the helmet left behind by the Prince) May sorrow turn to joy, this very day, when he has mourned his mother one whole year!

(She exchanges black feathers in the helmet for white and red ones.)

Swanwhite's Mother: Your hand, my sister; let the test begin!

Prince's Mother: Here is my hand, and with it goes my son's!

How we have pledged them --

Swanwhite's Mother: In decency and honor!

Prince's Mother: I go to open the tower. And let the young ones fold each other heart to heart.

Swanwhite's Mother: In decency and honor!

Prince's Mother: And we shall meet again in those green fields where sorrow is not known.

Swanwhite's Mother: (Pointing to Swanwhite) Listen! She dreams of him! Oh foolish, cruel woman who thinks that lovers can be parted! Now they are walking hand in hand within the land of dreams, 'neath whispering firs and singing lindens. They sport and laugh -

Prince's Mother: Day is dawning. I can hear the robins calling, and see the stars withdrawing from the sky. Farewell my sister!

(She goes out, taking her swan plumage with her.)

Swanwhite: Farewell!

(She passes her hand over Swanwhite as if blessing her, then she takes her plumage and leaves, closing the gate after her.)"

True love is in the end triumphant over all, and the new compassion for human suffering which is thereby awakened within Swanwhite, leads to the redemption of the witch, who, for many years, like the father of Lucky Pehr, has been living under an evil enchantment of hate, from which one act of love and mercy set her free.

We find here abundant evidence of Maeterlinck's influence, especially in the treatment which strives to bring out every pictorial possibility. But we also find passages which seem to confirm the previously cited influence of Strindberg upon Maeterlinck. We seem quite

justified in assuming, then, Maeterlinck's influence upon Strindberg through such earlier plays as Tintagiles, or Pelleas and Melisande, and a counter influence of Strindberg's fairy plays upon Maeterlinck's The Blue Bird.

For instance, in the scene just cited the conception of the swan mothers, ever solicitous for the welfare of their children on earth seems to suggest Maeterlinck's later treatment of the omniscience of Mother-Love. In the Land of Unborn Children, as Time's Galley, laden with little blue children, drops toward the earth, we hear, "as though issuing from the depths of the abyss, an extremely distant song of gladness and expectation, - the song of the mothers coming out to meet them." ¹

Again, in the Duke's farewell to Swanwhite: "If I return - well, - I return! If not, then from the starry arch above my eye shall follow you, and never to my sight will you be lost, for there above, all-seeing we become." ² We have here a distinct expression of Maeterlinck's philosophy of the after life - as he later embodied it in the Land of Memory scenes of the Blue Bird.

A further estimate of Maeterlinckian influence might be gleaned from a comparison of Swanwhite with Lucky Pehr, which was written before Strindberg's contact with Maeterlinck. The two plays may be said to have the common theme of true love triumphant, but there is a wide difference in the treatment. Swanwhite shows far more exuberance of fancy and finer

1. Blue Bird, Act IV, Scene III

2. Swanwhite, Scene I

subtlety in the allegory and is therefore much more artistic than Lucky Pehr. Moreover, in Swanwhite there is not a trace of the direct moralizing which occurs so frequently in Lucky Pehr, and we may well infer that these refinements are largely due to Strindberg's literary contact with Maeterlinck.

A third contribution of Strindberg's which may be mentioned here is The Dream Play (1902). This can scarcely be classed as a fairy play, but as a consummate development of the dream technique, it is a very significant offshoot of the type with which we are concerned. I quote from the prologue:

"The background represents cloud banks that resemble corroding slate cliffs with ruins of castles and fortresses.

"The constellations of Leo and Virgo and Libra are visible and from their midst the planet Jupiter is shining with a strong light.

The Daughter of Indra stands on the topmost land.

The Voice of Indra (from above): Where are you, daughter, where?

Daughter: Here, father, here!

Voice: You've lost your way, my child; beware, you sink. How got you there?

Daughter: I followed from ethereal heights the ray
Of Lightning, and for car a cloud I took.
It sank, and now my journey downward tends.
Oh, noble father, Indra, tell what realms
I now draw near? . . . "

Whereupon Indra unfolds before her wondering eyes the entire panorama of human existence, love, marriage, faith, science, death.

We are given the artistic keynote in the author's prefatory note in words which seem unmistakeably to reflect the Ibsenian development of the Dream technique.

"Anything may happen; everything is possible and probably. Time and space do not exist. On an insignificant background of reality imagination designs and embroiders novel patterns: a medley of memories, experiences, free fancies, absurdities and improvisations. The characters split, double, multiply, vanish, solidify, blur, clarify. But one consciousness reigns above them all - that of the dreamer; and before it there are no secrets, no incongruities, no scruples, no laws."

We find an earlier contribution to this type of drama from the pen of ^{ge}Erhard Hauptman, a foremost German playwright and devoted disciple of the Scandinavian dramatists. The Assumption of Hannele (Hanneles Himmelfahrt 1892) which he characterizes as a "Dream-Poem" is a strangely vivid combination of the realistic and romantic. It deals with the disordered fancies of the dying child Hannele, whose heavenly visions are projected upon a background of utter misery and squalor. The apparitions of her delirium are introduced with fine psychological effect; the striking contrast of their beauty with her realistically wretched surroundings make the drama a very strong one.

But a far more deeply significant work of Hauptman's is The Sunken Bell, (Der Versunkene Glocke 1896), a play in which we find distinct

traces of Ibsenian influence. Like so many of Ibsen's plays it is a direct artistic expression of profound personal conflict, where, in the words of Lewisohn, "the concrete realities of experience are lifted into the domain of the timeless."¹ Like Peer Gynt the play has for its theme the struggle for self realization. The one is a study in character, the other in temperament; the one a delineation of ambition, the other of aspiration. Ibsen portrays the egotist, Hauptman the egoist.

Heinrich the master bell founder lives by faith in the presence within him of the creative power, for the perfection of which he will and does sacrifice all else. His good wife Magda can in no sense understand his aspirations. His bell falls from a precipice into the meer far below and she cries, "Pray Heaven that be the worst! What matters one bell more or less so long as the master be safe!"² She cannot plumb the anguish in the master's cry, "'Twas for the valley, not the mountain top!"³ Thus driven by all that lies deepest in his soul, Heinrich leave his village and seeks the mountain heights, and there finds Rautendelein, a spirit of ideal beauty with whom he stays to build the work of his dreams, a perfect bell. But the elemental spirits join to thwart him, for his aspirations are too high for human realization. The good folk of the valley climb to plead or to harangue. His children bring him their mother's tears up from the valley, and at last the sunken bell, stirred by her dead hand, knells the destruction of his hopes. Yet he dies clasping the ideal with all his

1. Ludwig Lewisohn, Introduction to The Sunken Bell, p. 1

2. The Sunken Bell, Act I, Scene 2

3. Ibid.

strength, for 'tis far better thus than to return into the valley.

"Yonder I am at home and yet a stranger,
Here I am a stranger and yet at home." ¹

So he sadly voices the bitter conflict of human needs and ideal ends.

Hauptman never attains to Ibsen's perfect integration of the diverse elements in his play. He employs allegory to that end, but his point of departure is different and his mode of procedure far less consistent from a psychological standpoint.

The opening scene is an exquisite bit of romanticism; mountain mist and moonlight, the singing of the wind in the pines, and Nickelman wooing Rautendelein from the bank of his weedy well. Then Heinrich bursts in and falls fainting. This method is obviously the reverse of that Ibsen employs, where the fairy element is ever superimposed upon a background of realism.

There is a very interesting parallel in the symbolism of the plays, though Hauptman's fairy beings are much more obviously allegorical than Ibsen's fantastic creations. As the Sæter girls and the Green-clad One signify Ibsen's conception of Sensuality, so the Faun represents that of Hauptman. Where Ibsen has given us the Døvre King, as Elemental Nature, Hauptman portrays Nickelman, the spirit of the well. Rautendelein, like Solveig, represents the subjective ideal, but that parallel is scarcely legitimate, since Solveig belongs with the mortals of Ibsen's play.

But however similar they may be in allegorical significance, the fairy folk in each of these plays are in themselves distinct, individual,

1. Sunken Well, Act V, Scene III.

and national. The Great Boyg, the screaming Saeter girls with their shrill "Trond of the Valfjeld! Bard and Karð!" - the Dövre King and all his band of nixies, are virile Northern conceptions, essentially Scandinavian, and in the portrayal of Old Wittiken, the Faun, Nickelman with his hoarse "Bræk-ek-ek-ex!" and Golden-haired Rautendelein, are, one feels, distinctively German.

We are not surprised to find such national characteristics in the fairy folk Yeats portrays in Land of Heart's Desire (1892), an early product of the Irish Renaissance. This little one-act play is replete with the very essence of Irish melancholy, wistfulness and fancy. Not only the red-haired green-clad fairy-child, but the Bruin family and Father Hart are essentially Irish conceptions. The song of the fairy child sets the tone of the play:

"The wind blows out of the gates of the day
 The wind blows over the lonely of heart,
 And the lonely of heart is withered away
 While the fairies dance in a place apart,
 Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
 Tossing their milk-white arms in the air;
 For they hear the wind laugh and murmur and sing
 Of a land where even the old are fair,
 And even the wise are merry of tongue;

But I heard a reed of Coolaney say,
 'When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung
 The lonely of heart is withered away.'"

Yeats' fairy child combines the airy naivete of the traditional English sprite with the deeper symbolism of Hauptman's Reutendelein. She, too, is nature's own spirit, and seems to signify all that is sweet, pure, beautiful and free. And as Heinrich renounces what is dearest to his human heart to follow the lure of his ideal, so the dreamy little bride, Maire Bruin, in sudden spiritual revulsion for the soul-shriveling environment of her husband's home, turns from all that she loves best in the world and slips away with the Fairy Child

"to ride upon the winds,
 Run on the top of the dishevelled tide,
 And dance upon the mountains like a flame."

Like the Sunken Bell Yeats' play deals with a conflict between orthodoxy and pagan freedom, and similar elements of superstition are stressed in each of the plays. The antipathy of fairy folk to any semblance of religious observance, such as the ringing of church bells, the crucifix, the singing of hymns; the sign of the crucifix is frequently introduced in each, as well as in Peer Gynt.

One other group of Continental fairy plays must yet be mentioned, perhaps the earliest popular manifestation of a modern revival of the Märchendrama. In 1892 Ludwig Fulda with The Talisman (Der Talisman) scored a notable success in Berlin. The play is a fantastic allegorical satire, recounting in sparkling fashion the miraculous transformation of

the weak and foolish King Astolf into a worthy monarch. The metamorphosis is effected by the son of a banished counsellor who returns to the court seeking revenge in the guise of Omar, a wise man from the East. Omar promises to supply the king with the one thing which he lacks, a magic garment of rare and beautiful texture which only the great and the wise and the mighty may ever hope to wear, a garment which in fact is quite invisible to the ignorant and the stupid. He is given a private room in the palace in which to weave the magic robe, and after many days in secret he admits various persons of the court to inspect his handiwork. Now there is really no garment at all, but unwilling to expose themselves to a charge of stupidity or ignorance, every man who is admitted eloquently enlarges upon its imaginary beauties. Their subsequent disagreement on details is about to precipitate a riot, when a little peasant girl has the courage to speak her mind. Truth, of course, is the Talisman, and the play concludes with a series of poetic epigrams to that end. It is a thoroughly entertaining little play, full of satirical allusions to contemporary affairs. Now and then its humour reminds of the old Viennese posse, particularly in the scenes where Habukkuk the old basket-weaver appears, temporarily transformed into a courtier. The popular success of the play led to a second attempt by Fulda in 1896. But The Calif's Son (Der Sohn des Khalifen) has no distinctive merits as compared to the more serious drama which we have been discussing.

Two other plays of this group are Elsa Bernstein's Königskinder (1893) and Adelaide Wette's Hansel und Gretel (1896), both interesting little dramas in themselves, but of no significance in the development of the modern Fairy play.

IV.

FAIRY PHANTASY OF TODAY

However stimulating we may have found the subtle symbolism and philosophical fancies of the Continental playwrights, James M. Barrie's Peter Pann (1905) comes to us in their wake like a breath of fresh air. For Barrie's whimsical genius without once departing from the sphere of childish imaginings has here given the whole mystic realm of Fairyland a local habitation and a name, and the most wonderful part of all, is the fact that it is not a realm of Mr. Barrie's private fancy, but a land of your childhood dreams and of mine.

Peter Pan is "in reality not a drama but a strangely iridescent poetic pantomime full of bizarre and tender gayety."¹ To attempt a critical analysis is like plucking the petals from a wild rose. But Homer St. Gaudens'² review of the play seems to have caught its whimsical spirit unusually well:

"If you do not believe in fairies before the end of the third act of Peter Pan, the boy who wouldn't grow up, then you will surely be the death of the Fairy Tinker Bell, whom you can see only as dancing light. But if you do believe at once and take the second turn to the right and then go on till morning, you will come to the Never Never Land. There you will find hollow trees and snowballs and toadstools big-enough-to-sit-

1. Andrews, Drama of Today

2. The Critic, Vol. 48, pp. 78-80

on, and a lion-that-lets-his-tail-be-cut-off, and friendly Indians-with-war-whoops, and wolves-that-dare-not-touch-you-if-you-look-at-them-between-your-legs. And there you'll be sure to come across a Pirate crew and a Pirate ship. It is a true Pirate Crew that sings "Heave HO!" and makes captives walk the plank. Their leader, Captain Hook, a mad minded man, thirsts for the blood of Peter Pan, while terribly afraid of a crocodile that fortunately swallowed a clock whose ticking warns Captain Hook of his approach. For Peter Pan had cut off Captain Hook's hand long ago, and had thrown it to the crocodile. That gave the crocodile a taste for Captain Hook. He is called Captain Hook because of the hook he now carries at the end of his left arm.

"You see every first time a baby laughs, his laugh becomes a Fairy and lives as long as the baby believes. Of course children can easily learn to fly away with the Fairies. They can come back too if their parents keep the nursery window unbarred. So it happened that Peter Pan flew away when he was born, for he heard his parents talking about the prospect of making him President when he grew up, and he wanted always to remain a boy. But he stayed so long that when he returned he found the window shut. Then he went to live with the Lost Boys who fall out of perambulators when nurse is away. If they are not claimed within seven days they are sent to the Never Never Land.

"It is all very clear. You find out at once that Peter Pan is dreadfully fond of stories, for he steals into the room while Mrs. Darling tells them to her three children. Of course, when Peter Pan thinks that Mrs. Darling has seen him, he wishes to run away. But just as Peter Pan

flies outdoors, Nana the nurse dog, shuts the window so quickly that she cuts off Peter Pan's shadow. Later when the children have gone to sleep Peter Pan comes back to look for the shadow with his Fairy Tinker Bell, whom you can see only as dancing light. But after the shadow has been found it won't stick, so while Peter Pan tries to rub it with soap, Wendy, the oldest of the children, opens her eyes, and not being afraid, sews the shadow on Peter Pan, while he tells her about the Never Never Land. Then Wendy calls to her brothers to hear more. The Fairy Tinker Bell, whom you can see only as dancing light, is jealous, but in spite of her, Peter Pan teaches the Darling children to fly, so that they all go away together through the window to the Never Never Land.

There the Darling Children and the Lost Boys and Peter Pan build for Wendy a house, with a tall hat for a chimney, and windows with babies looking out and roses looking in. Only so as to hide from Captain Hook they all live in rooms under the ground, at the foot of the hollow trees, where they have a bed-for-the-whole-family and pillows-to-dance-in. After a while the children decide that they ought to go home to their mother. But the Pirates know where the children live, and so, when the Pirates have driven away the friendly Indians that are on guard above, they capture the children as they come out of the hollow tree trunks, and then the Pirates chain the children's hands so that they cannot fly, and take them to the Pirate Ship. Meanwhile Peter Pan, who would not go back to Ever Ever Land, falls asleep on the bed-for-the-whole-family, and Captain Hook steals below to poison his medicine. But Fairy Tinker Bell, whom you can see only as dancing light, catches Captain Hook in the act, and saves

Peter Pan by drinking the poison herself. Then Peter Pan finds out that the Fairy Tinker Bell, whom you can see only as dancing light, may be kept alive by all the children saying that they believe in Fairies. Of course, you yourself, like the other children, truly believe, so you clap your hands and wave your handkerchief as Peter Pan wishes, and it is all as it should be.

Then Peter Pan goes to the Pirate Ship where Captain Hook is leaning back in his chair and sharpening his talons on a neat square of sandpaper. Peter carries a clock just like the one the crocodile swallowed and with this timepiece he frightens Captain Hook so badly that he gains one or two minutes in which to arm the boys and finally to drive overboard the whole Pirate crew and Captain Hook, who makes a beautiful splash. After that of course Peter Pan takes the Darling children home to their mother. Mrs. Darling tells Peter Pan that she will care for him in the Ever Ever Land. But when Peter Pan finds that some day he still might become president, he decides to go back to the Never Never Land with his Fairy Tinker Bell whom you can see only as a dancing light. There they live in their house in the tree tops where the Fairies whom you can see as other dancing lights flit to and fro. Once a year, Wendy, the motherly soul, comes to give the house a spring cleaning. You know what that means!"

Charles Frohman, the producer, has recognized in Peter Pan a "plea under a new guise for the old homely incontrovertible truths of life."¹ But whatever its deeper significance the play will live in memory as an exquisite bit of pure phantasy from the pen of that writer

1. The Man with the Magic Pen, Harpers' Weekly, Vol. 50, p. 200

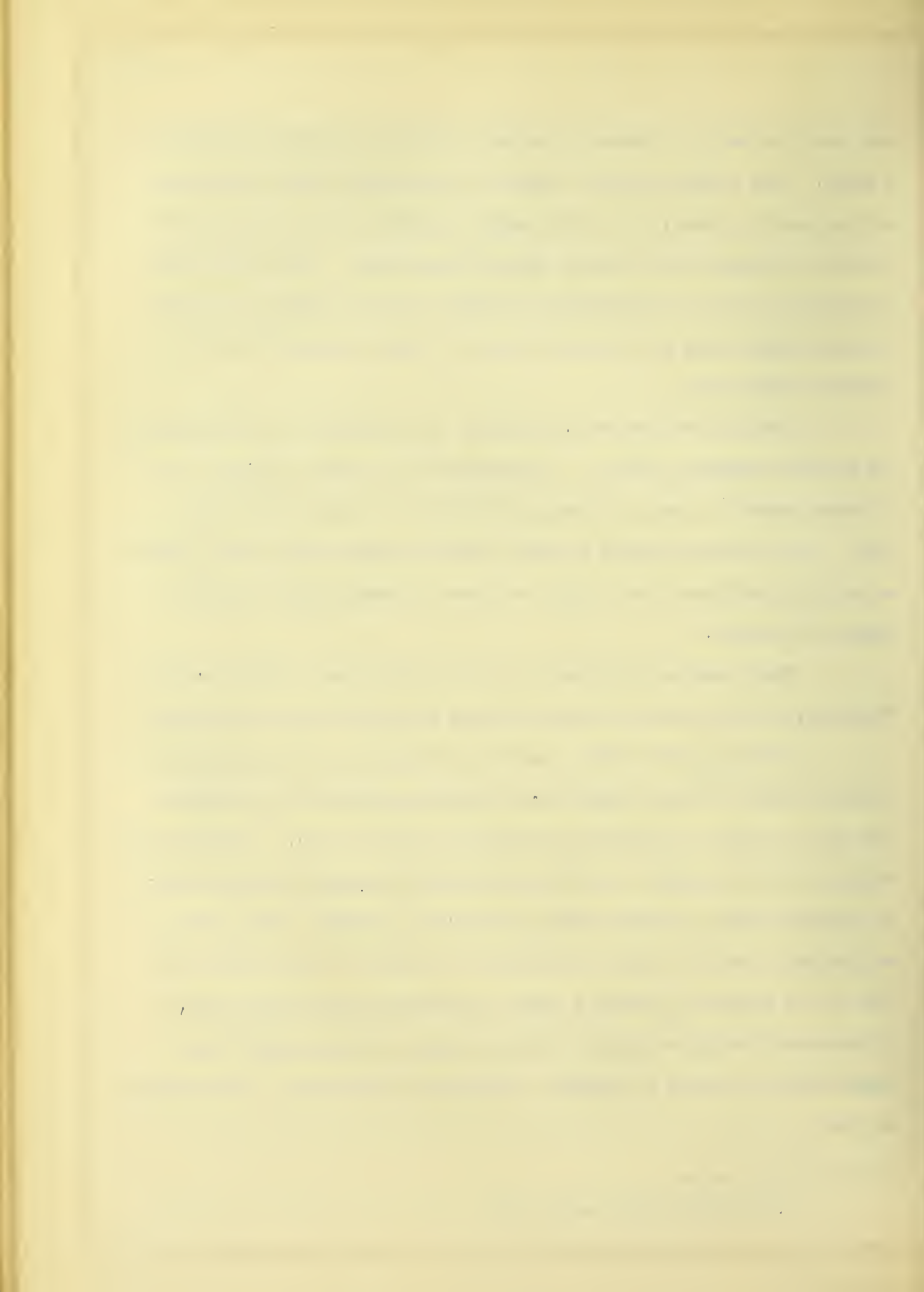
who since the death of Stevenson has most truly kept the heart and mind of a child. One critic has aptly termed it "a boy's mind turned inside out and put upon the stage."² To all normal children it is an irresistible joy, for it seems a part of their very own experience. And to grown-ups it should be still more delightful; an elixir from the fountain of youth, a magic draught whose most potent charm is a certain elusive flavor of poignant reminiscence.

Barrie's most recent contribution is a satirical bit of whimsicality entitled Pantaloon (1915). It can scarcely be called a drama, for it is almost entirely given up to stage directions and reads almost like a story. But the Barrie charm is there from the opening line, when he takes us into his confidence, as it were, and chats informally about the background of the play.

"The scene makes-believe to be the private home of Pantaloon and Columbine, though whether they ever did have a private home is uncertain.

In the English version (and with that alone are we concerning ourselves) these two were figures in the harlequinage which in Victorian days gave a finish to pantomime as vital as a tail to a dog. Now they are vanished from the boards; or at best they wander through the canvas streets in everybody's way, at heart afraid of their own policeman, really dead, and waiting, like the faithful old horse, for some one to push them over. Here at the theatre is perhaps a scrap of Columbine's skirt, torn off as she squeezed through the wings for the last time, or even placed there intentionally by her as a souvenir: Columbine to her public, a kiss hanging on a nail.

1. The Critic, Vol. 48, p. 78



They are very illusive. One has to toss to find out what was their relation to each other: whether Pantaloon, for instance, was Columbine's father. He was an old, old urchin of the streets over whom some fairy wand had been waved, rather carelessly, and this makes him a child of art; now we must all be nice to children of art, and the nicest thing we can do for Pantaloon is to bring the penny down heads and give him a delightful daughter. So Columbine was Pantaloon's daughter.

It would be cruel to her to make her his wife, because then she could not have a love-affair.

The mother is dead, to give the little home a touch of pathos.

We have now proved that Pantaloon and his daughter did have a home, and as soon as we know that, we know more. We know, for instance, that as half a crown seemed almost a competency to them, their home must have been in a poor locality and inconveniently small. We know also that the sitting-room and kitchen combined must have been on the ground floor. We know it, because in the harlequinade they were always flying from the policeman or bashing his helmet, and Pantaloon would have taken ill with a chamber that was not easily commanded by the policeman on his beat. Even Columbine, we may be sure, refined as she was and incapable of the pettiest larceny, liked the homely feeling of dodging the policeman's eye as she sat at meals. Lastly, we know that directly opposite the little home was a sausage-shop, the pleasantest of all sights to Pantaloon, who, next to his daughter, loved a sausage. It is being almost too intimate to tell that Columbine hated sausages; she hated them as a literary hand's daughter might hate manuscripts. But like a loving child she never told her hate,

The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study and the objectives of the research. It then proceeds to a literature review, followed by a description of the methodology used in the study. The results of the study are presented in the next section, followed by a discussion of the findings and their implications. The paper concludes with a summary of the main points and a list of references.

The study was conducted in a laboratory setting, and the results were compared with those of previous studies. The findings of the study are consistent with those of previous studies, and they provide new insights into the phenomenon being studied. The implications of the study are discussed in the next section, and they suggest that the findings have important implications for the field of study.

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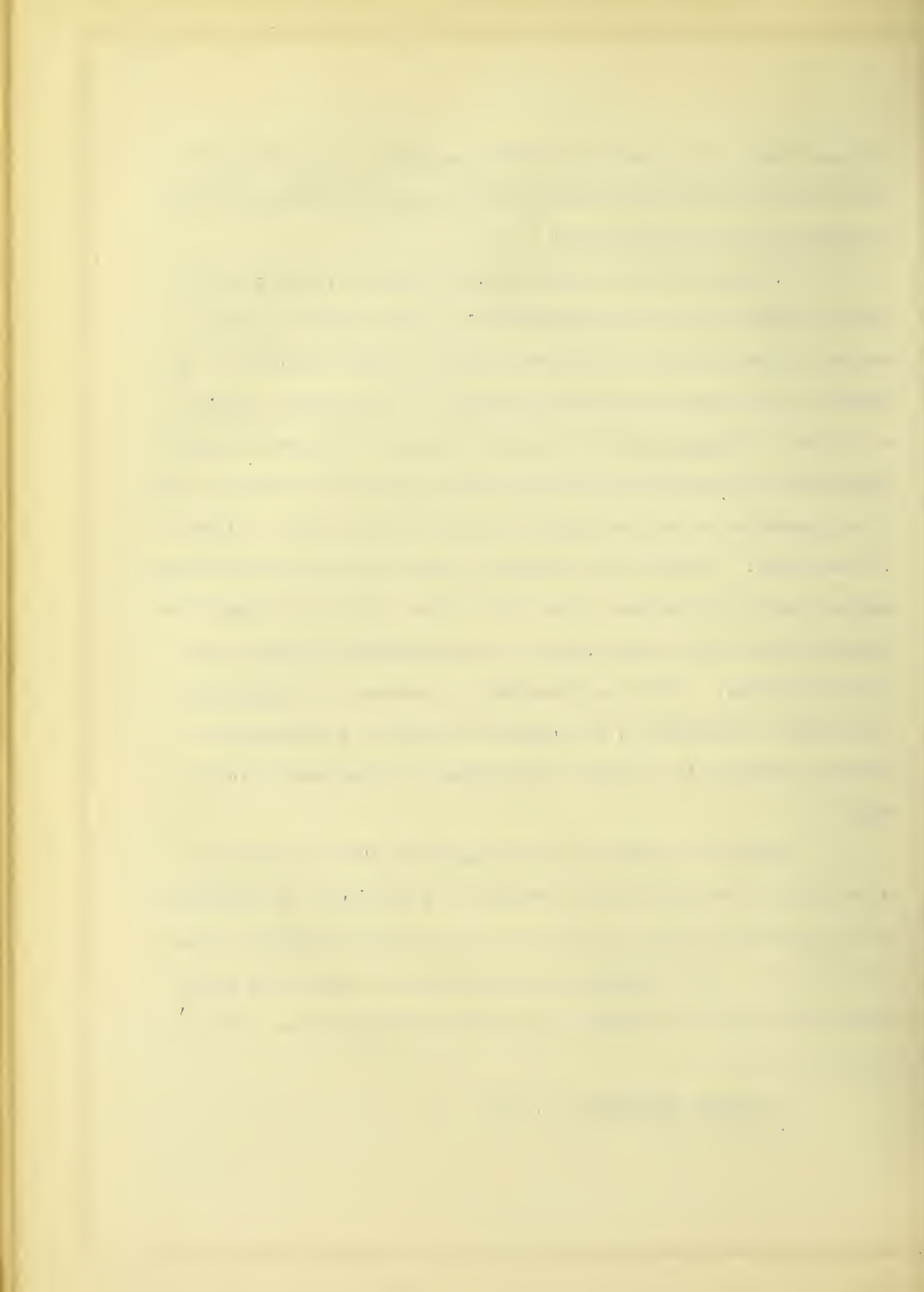
and spent great part of her time toasting sausages to a turn before the fire, and eating her own one bravely when she must, but concealing it in the oddest places when she could."

M. Maeterlinck has gracefully acknowledged Mr. Barrie as "the father of Peter Pan and the grandfather of the Blue Bird,"¹ a fact of peculiar interest since the plays are in reality wholly different. For beneath its picturesque and colorful externals, so infinitely appealing to children, the Blue Bird is a singularly meaningful allegorical drama, replete with philosophical speculations upon questions of universal import. To be appreciated in any true degree it must not only be seen, but read, and read again. We seem to find traces of Peter Pan in the simple directness and captivating naivete of its style; perhaps too, in the quaint and appealing fancies with which Maeterlinck has embroidered his own more serious symbolism. But in substance and in treatment, the Blue Bird is a remarkable consummation of the symbolical artistry of the Continent and most remarkable in its subtle combination of artlessness and deep design.

Henderson is authority for the assertion that the philosophy of the play is from Maeterlinck's friend, the poet Charles Van Serberghe.² And its philosophy seems to run thus: It is a future possibility of man to discover the soul of inanimate things and thus to conquer all those forces which are now veiled from him and arranged against him. And it

1. European Dramatists, p. 244

2. Ibid. p. 239



is man's destiny to pursue that "great secret of things and of happiness" which the Blue Bird is the symbol.

The dream device is employed at the outset with artistic skill and we are instantly given the tone of the play. I quote Maeterlinck's directions and a portion of the opening scene.

"The stage represents the interior of a wood-cutter's cottage, simple and rustic in appearance but in no way poverty-stricken. A recessed fireplace containing the dying embers of a wood-fire. Kitchen utensils, a cupboard, a bread pan, a grandfather's clock, a spinning wheel, a water tap, etc. On a table a lighted lamp. At the foot of the cupboard on either side, a Dog, and a Cat lie sleeping, rolled up, each with its nose in its tail. Between them stands a large blue and white sugar loaf. On the wall hangs a round cage, containing a turtle dove. At the back, two windows, with closed inside shutters. Under one of the windows a stool. On the left is the front door, with a big latch to it. On the right another door. A ladder leads up to a loft. On the right also are two little children's cots, at the head of which are two chairs with clothes carefully folded on them. When the curtain rises, Tyltyl and Mytyl are sound asleep in their cots. Mummy Tyl tucks them in, leans over them, watches them for a moment as they sleep, and beckons to Daddy Tyl who thrusts his head through the half-open door. Mummy Tyl lays a finger on her lips to impose silence upon him, and then goes out to the right on tip-toe, after first putting out the lamp. The scene remains in darkness for a moment. Then a light gradually increasing in intensity filters in through the shutters. The lamp on the table lights

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
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TO THE HONORABLE SENATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED AT THE MEETING OF THE SENATE
Held at Chicago, Illinois, on the 15th day of May, 1906

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
AND THE FACULTY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

IN OBEEDIENCE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED AT THE MEETING OF THE SENATE
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again of itself, but its light is of a different color than when Mummy Tyl extinguished it. The two children appear to wake and sit up in bed.

Tyltyl: Mytyl?

Mytyl: Tyltyl?

Tyltyl: Are you asleep?

Mytyl: Are you?

Tyltyl: No, how can I be asleep when I'm talking to you?

Mytyl: Say, is this Christmas day?

Tyltyl: Not yet; not until tomorrow. But Father Christmas won't hang us anything this year.

Mytyl: Why not?

Tyltyl: I heard Mummy say that she couldn't go to town to tell him. But he will come next year.

Mytyl: Is next year far off?

Tyltyl: A good long while. But he will come to the rich children tonight.

Mytyl: Really?

Tyltyl: Hullo! Mummy's forgotten to put out the lamp. I've an idea.

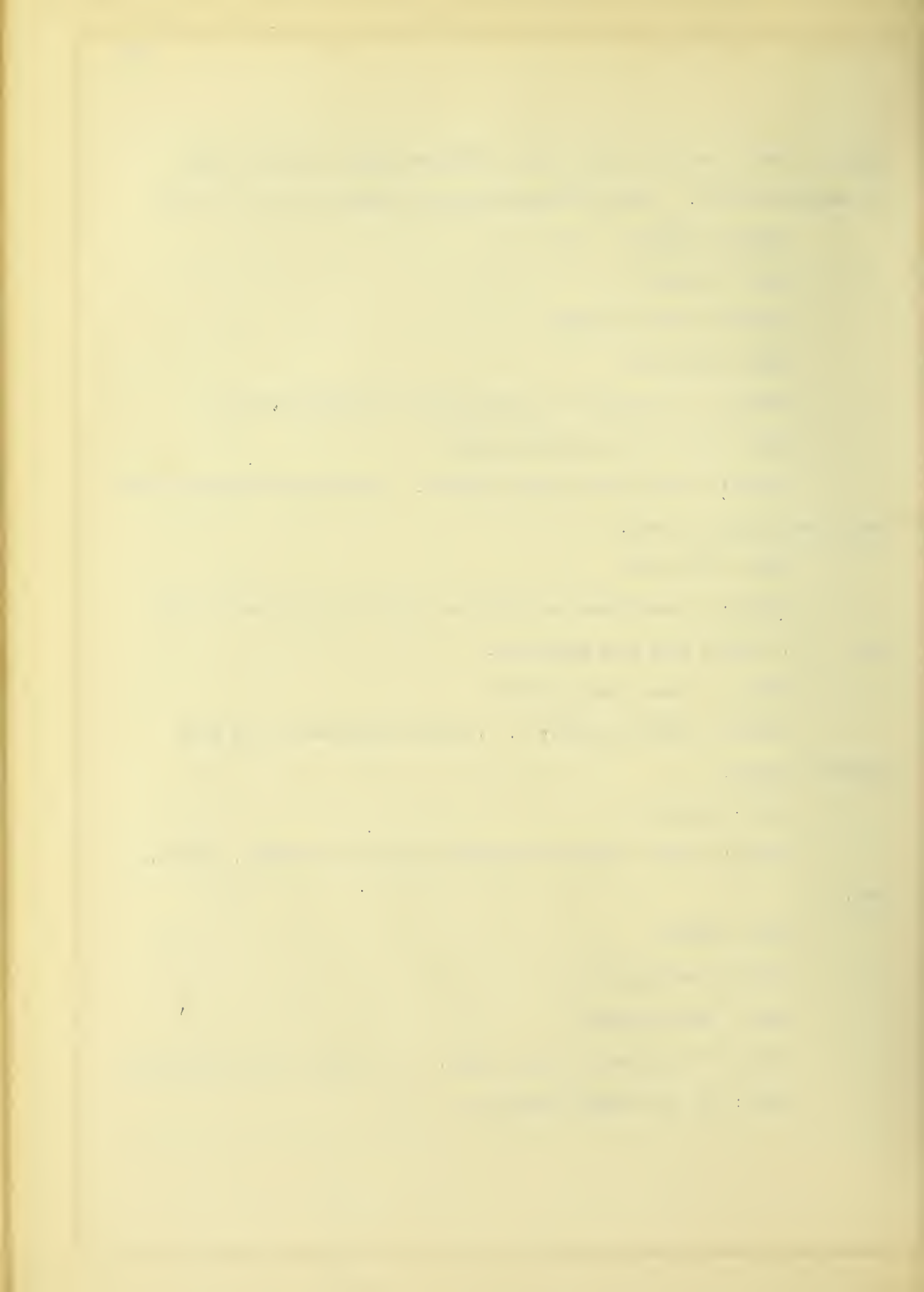
Mytyl: What?

Tyltyl: Let's get up.

Mytyl: But we mustn't.

Tyltyl: Why, there's no one about. Do you see the shutters?

Mytyl: Oh, how bright they are!



Tyltyl: It's the lights of the party.

Mytyl: What party?

Tyltyl: The rich children opposite. It's the Christmas tree.

Let's open the shutters.

Mytyl: Can we?

Tyltyl: Of course; there's no one to stop us. Do you hear the music? Let's get up.

(The two children get up, run to one of the windows, climb on to the stool and throw back the shutters. A bright light fills the room. The children look out greedily.)

Tyltyl: We can see everything!

Mytyl: (who can hardly find room on the stool) I can't!

Tyltyl: It's snowing! There's two carriages with six horses each!

Mytyl: There are twelve little boys getting out!

Tyltyl: How silly you are! They're little girls!

Mytyl: They've got knickerbockers

Tyltyl: What do you know? Don't push so!

Mytyl: I never touched you.

Tyltyl: (who is taking up the whole stool) You're taking up all the room

Mytyl: Why, I've got no room at all!

Tyltyl: Do be quiet! I see the tree!

Mytyl: What tree?

Tyltyl: Why, the Christmas tree! . . . You're looking at the wall!

Mytyl: I'm looking at the wall because I've got no room.

Tyltyl: (gives her a miserly little place on the stool) There! Will that do? Now, you're better off than I! I say, what lots and lots of lights!"

And so their merry chatter goes on, bringing vividly before the audience the dazzling joys of the little rich children's Christmas Party. Incidentally we are given the keynote of the boy and girl characters. Tyltyl with his masculine bravado and cock-sureness, his funny little patronizing airs, and Mytyl, adorably feminine, all wide-eyed admiration for her brother. Many times throughout the play we are tempted to attach a deep symbolical significance to their relations and their reactions. But that is characteristic of the play, and we sometimes seem to find subtle meanings in almost every word.

As the excitement of the party increases and the two children are almost beside themselves with joy at watching, there is a terrifying click of the latch, and the door opens itself before the Fairy Berylune, who looks strangely like their neighbor, Madame Berlingot. She bids them start at once in search of the Blue Bird, which she must have for her little girl who is very ill. "We don't know quite what's the matter with her; she wants to be happy. . . . " To aid them in their quest she gives Tyltyl a little green hat with a diamond in the front, a magic diamond, which, when he turns it at her bidding, enables him to see the inside of things and to summon the souls of the inanimate.

No sooner has Tytyl turned the diamond than a wonderful change comes over everything. The old Fairy alters then and there into a princess of marvellous beauty; the walls of the cottage light up, turn blue as sapphires, become transparent and gleam like the most precious stones. The humble furniture takes life and becomes resplendent; the deal table assumes a grave and noble air, like a table of marble; the face of the clock winks its eye and smiles generally, while the door that contains the pendulum opens and releases the Hours, which holding one another by the hand and laughing merrily, begin to dance to the sound of delicious music.

Tytyl: (displaying a legitimate bewilderment and pointing to the Hours) Who are all those pretty ladies?

Fairy: Don't be afraid; they are the hours of your life and they are glad to be free and visible for a moment.

Tytyl: Why are the walls so bright? Are they made of sugar or of precious stones?

Fairy: All stones are alike, all stones are precious; but man sees few of them

While they are speaking, the scene of enchantment continues and is completed. The souls of the Quartern-loaves, in the form of little men in crust-colored tights, flurried and all powdered with flour, scramble out of the bread pan and frisk around the table, where they are caught up by Fire, who, springing from the hearth in yellow and vermilion tights, writhes with laughter as he chases the loaves

The Dog and the Cat, lying rolled up at the foot of the cupboard, utter a loud and simultaneous cry and disappear down a trap; and in their places rise two persons, one of whom has the face of a bull-dog, the other

that of a tom-cat. Forthwith the little man with the bull-dog face, rushes upon Tytyl, kisses him violently and overwhelms him with noisy and impetuous caresses; while the little man with the face of a tom-cat, combs his hair, washes his hands and strokes his whiskers before going up to Mytyl.

Meanwhile the enchantment pursues its course; the spinning wheel has begun to turn madly in its corner and to spin brilliant rays of light; the tap in another corner begins to sing in a very high voice, and turning into a luminous fountain, floods the sink with sheets of pearls and emeralds, through which darts the soul of Water, like a young girl, streaming and dishevelled and tearful, who immediately begins to fight with Fire.

The milk jug upsets, falls from the table and swishes on the floor; and from the spilt milk there arises a tall, white, bashful figure who seems to be afraid of everything. . . .

The sugar loaf at the foot of the cupboard grows taller and wider and splits the paper wrapper, whence issues a mawkish and hypocritical being, dressed in a long blue coat half blue and half white, who goes up to Mytyl with a sanctimonious smile.

The lamp falls from the table and at the same moment, its flame springs up again and turns into a luminous maid of incomparable beauty. She is dressed in long, transparent and dazzling veils, and stands motionless in a sort of ecstasy.

Meanwhile the sauce pans on the shelves spin round like tops; the linen press throws open its folding doors and unrolls a magnificent display of moon-coloured and sun-coloured stuff, with which mingles in no less splendid array the rags and tatters that come down the ladder from

the loft. But suddenly three loud knocks are heard on the door at the right.

Tyltyl: (alarmed) That's Daddy! He's heard us!

Fairy: Turn the diamond! . . . From left to right!

(Tyltyl turns the diamond quickly)

Not so quick! Heavens! It's too late! You turned it too briskly; they will not have time to resume their places and we shall have a lot of annoyance. . . .

The Fairy becomes an old woman again, the walls of the cottage lose their splendour; the Hours go back into the clock, the spinning wheel stops, etc. But in the general hurry and confusion, while Fire runs madly round the room, looking for the chimney, one of the loaves of bread, who has been unable to squeeze into the pan breaks into sobs and utters roars of fright.

Fairy: What's the matter?

Bread: (in tears) There's no room in the pan!

Fairy: (stooping over the pan) Yes, there is; yes, there is.

(Pushing the other loaves which have resumed their original places) Come quick, make room there

(The knocking at the door is renewed)

Bread: (utterly scared, vainly struggling to enter the pan) I can't get in! He'll eat me first! . . .

The Dog: (frisking round Tyltyl) My little god! . . . I am still here! . . . I can still talk! I can still kiss you! . . . Once more! Once more! Once more!

Fairy: What, you too? . . . Are you there still?

Dog: What luck! . . . I was too late to return to silence ;
the trap closed too quickly. . . .

Cat: So did mine. . . . What's going to happen? . . . Is there
any danger? . . .

Fairy: Well, I'm bound to tell you the truth; all those who
accompany the two children will die at the end of the journey. . . .

Cat (to the Dog): Come, let us get back into the trap.

Dog: No, no! . . . I won't! . . . I want to go with my little
god! . . . I want to talk to him all the time! . . .

Cat: I don't!

(More knocking at the door)

Bread: (shedding bitter tears) I don't want to die at the end of
the journey! . . . I want to get back at once into my pan!

Fire (who has done nothing but run madly about the room, hissing
with anguish): I can't find my chimney!

Water (trying vainly to get into the tap): I can't get into my
tap!

Sugar (hovering around his paper wrapper): I've burst my packing
paper!

Milk (lymphatically and bashfully): Somebody's broken my little
jug!

Fairy: Goodness me, what fools they are! . . . Fools and cowards
too! . . . So you would rather go on living in your ugly boxes, in your traps
and taps, than accompany the children in search of the bird?

All (excepting the Dog and Light): Yes! Yes! Now, at once! . . .
My tap! . . . My pan! . . . My chimney! . . . My trap! . . .

Fairy (to Light, who is dreamily gazing at the wreckage of her lamp): And you, Light, what do you say?

Light: I will go with the children.

Dog: (yelling with delight) I too! I too! . . .

Fairy: That's right. . . Besides, it's too late to go back; you have no choice now; you must all start with us. . . . But you, Fire, don't come near anybody; you, Dog, don't tease the Cat; and you, Water, hold yourself up, and try not to run all over the place.

(A violent knocking is again heard at the door on the right)

Tyltyl (listening): There's Daddy again! . . . He's getting up this time; I can hear him walking . . .

Fairy: Let us go out by the window. . . You shall all come to my house where I will dress the Animals and the Things properly. . . (To Bread) You, Bread, take the cage in which to put the Blue Bird . . . It will be in your charge. . . Quick, quick; let us waste no time . . .

The window suddenly lengthens downwards like a door. They all go out; after which the window resumes its primitive shape and closes quite innocently. The room has become dark again and the two cots are steeped in shadow. The door on the right opens ajar, and in the aperture appear the heads of Daddy and Mummy Tyl.

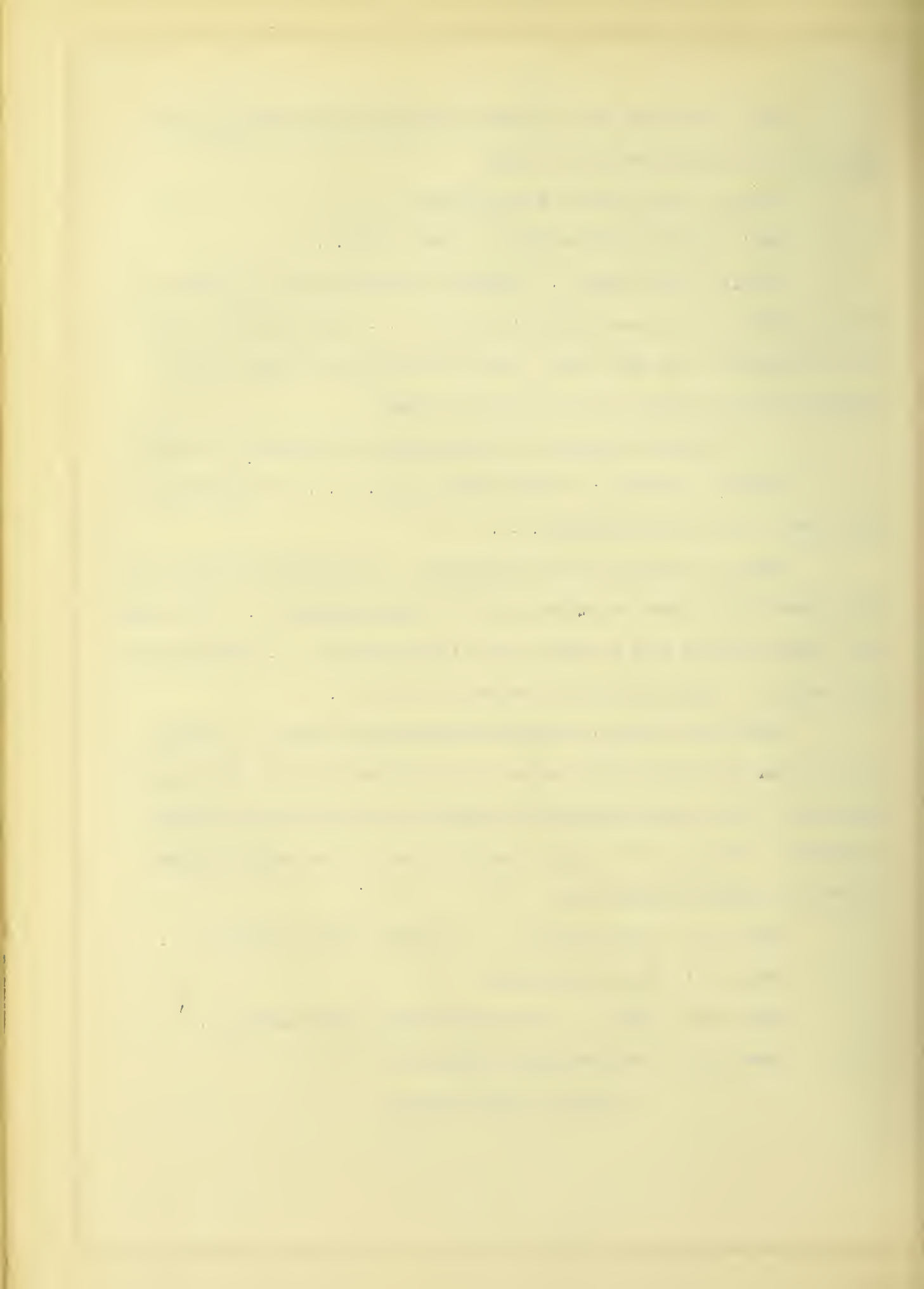
Daddy Tyl: It was nothing. . . It's the cricket chirping. . .

Mummy Tyl: Can you see them?

Daddy Tyl: I can . . . They are sleeping quite quietly. . .

Mummy Tyl: I can hear their breathing . . .

(The door closes again)



At the Fairy's palace, Berylune explains to the children that if they can find the Blue Bird, they will understand all things and dominate the world at last, - a reminder, Mr. Henderson suggests, of that fruit of the tree of knowledge, eating which man shall know all things, both good and evil.¹ They are equipped with gay and fantastic costumes from the bountiful wardrobe of the Fairy, and then set forth upon their journey to the Land of Memory, where they find their grandparents and their long-lost brothers and sisters who need only to be remembered to live again. Tytyl captures a bird which seems "blue! blue! blue as a blue glass marble," but, alas, when they leave the Land of Memory, where we tend to realize all things, the blue bird is only a very dull gray.

Next they journey to the palace of Night, who lives in terror for fear man will capture all her mysteries and vanquish all her terrors. Here in his quest for the Blue Bird, Tytyl takes a peep into the cavern of Ghosts who, as Night explains, "have felt bored in there ever since man ceased to take them seriously;" he looks, too, upon the Sicknesses who are very unhappy since "man has been waging such a determined war upon them - especially since the discovery of microbes."² But "one little Sickness in slippers and dressing gown and a cotton nightcap escapes from the cavern and begins to frisk about the hall, sneezing, coughing, and blowing its nose. It is Cold-in-the-Head.

Then Tytyl peers in at the Wars, and Night assures him, in tones which now seem prophetic, "They are more terrible and powerful than ever. . . Heaven knows what would happen if one of them escaped!" But the Blue Bird is nowhere to be found, not among the Shades and Terrors, the Mysteries, nor

1. Henderson, European Dramatists, p. 210

2. Blue Bird, Act III, Scene I

the first of these is the fact that the
the second is the fact that the
the third is the fact that the

the fourth is the fact that the
the fifth is the fact that the
the sixth is the fact that the

the seventh is the fact that the
the eighth is the fact that the
the ninth is the fact that the

the tenth is the fact that the
the eleventh is the fact that the
the twelfth is the fact that the

the thirteenth is the fact that the
the fourteenth is the fact that the
the fifteenth is the fact that the

the sixteenth is the fact that the
the seventeenth is the fact that the
the eighteenth is the fact that the

in the "private locker," where Night explains "I keep the unemployed stars, my personal Perfumes, a few Slimmers that belong to me, such as Will o' the Wisps, Glow-worms and Fireflies, also the Dew, the Song of the Nightingales, and so on. . . . "

At last, though warned that the results will be utterly disastrous, Tytyl summons courage to open the door of the farthest cavern. Mytyl clings to him crying and inarticulate in terror, but he bravely bids Sugar and Bread run away with her a safe distance. The key has scarcely touched the lock when 10 great doors glide apart and disappear within the walls, revealing -

"the most unexpected of gardens, unreal, infinite, and ineffable, a dream garden bathed in nocturnal light, where, among stars and planets, illumining all they touch, flying ceaselessly from jewel to jewel and from moonbeam to moonbeam, fairy-like blue birds hover perpetually and harmoniously down to the confines of the horizon, birds innumerable to the point of appearing to be the breath, the azured atmosphere, the very substance of the wonderful garden."

They rush in ecstatically catching blue birds wherever they can be reached most easily, and escaping "with their hands full of struggling birds, they cross the whole hall amid the mad whirl of the azure wings" and go out on the right, followed by Bread and Sugar (Conservatism and Compromise, if you like) who have captured no birds. Night and the Cat, left alone, return to the back of the stage and peer anxiously into the Garden.

"Haven't they got him?" Night asks in breathless terror.

"No," wails the Cat in demoniac exultation, "I see him there, on that moonbeam," and then with a triumphant shriek, "He kept too high!"

And when the children bring their birds into the light, they are faded and dead.

In the Forest, betrayed by the Cat, the children are beset by all the trees and animals who know that if the Blue Bird is captured their last bit of freedom and independence of man will be destroyed. Rescued from these enemies by the timely intervention of Light, they next seek the Blue Bird in the Graveyard, where a very strange thing happens. When Tytyl turns the jewel in his hat, "from all the gaping tombs, there rises gradually an efflorescence at first frail and timid like steam; then white and virginal and more and more tufty, more and more tall and plentiful and marvelous; Little by little, irresistibly invading all things, it transforms the graveyard into a sort of fairy-like and nuptial garden, over which rise the first rays of dawn."

Stunned and dazzled, Mytyl asks, looking in the grass, "Where are the dead?" And Tytyl, looking, answers, "There are no dead."

Their pilgrimage next leads them to the Kingdom of the Future, where in the immense halls of the Azure Palace the children wait that are yet to be born. Here there are infinite perspectives of sapphire columns supporting turquoise vaults. Everything from the light and the lapis lazuli flagstones to the shimmering background into which the last arches run and disappear, everything down to the smallest objects, is of an intense, unreal, fairy-like blue. . . . "To the right between the columns are the great opalescent doors which open upon actual Life and the quays of the Dawn. Everywhere, harmoniously peopling the hall, is a crowd of children robed in long azure garments. Some are playing, others strolling to and fro, others talking or dreaming; many are asleep, many also are working

between the collonades at future inventions; and their tools, their instruments, their apparatus, which they are constructing, the plants, the flowers, the fruits which they are cultivating and plucking, are of the same supernatural and luminous blue as the general atmosphere of the Palace. Figures of a taller stature, clad in paler and more diaphanous azure, figures of sovereign and silent beauty, move among the children and would seem to be angels."

Tyltyl and Mytyl mingle shyly with the little Blue Children, who confide their eagerness for the hour of their birth. One prophesies that on earth he must "invent the thing that gives happiness," another that he will invent a "machine that flies in the air like a bird without wings;" still another will "bring pure joy to the globe by means of ideas which people have not yet had", and others must carry crimes to earth with them. At last "the great opalescent doors turn slowly on their hinges. The sound of the earth are heard like distant music. A red and green light penetrates into the hall; Time, a tall old man with a streaming beard and armed with a scythe and hourglass, appears upon the threshold; and one perceives the extremity of the white and gold sails of a galley moored to a sort of quay, formed by the mists of the dawn." Then the galley floats away toward earth bearing the little Blue Children to waiting mothers. And Light turns to Tyltyl and Mytyl assuring them that she has found the Blue Bird at last and has hidden it under her cloak.

In the closing scene Tyltyl and Mytyl awake in the cottage of their parents, now illumined as if by magic with a strange fresh beauty. They talk so strangely of their long dream-pilgrimage, more real than reality, that their mother is alarmed for fear they have discovered the hiding place

of their father's brandy bottle. Madame Berlingote drops in and her bewilderment is great when they greet her joyously as Berylune and tell her how sorry they are that they did not bring her the Blue Bird. But Tytlyl offers his own little turtle dove for her sick child. The good woman departs with it in a rapture of gratitude and is scarcely more than a moment before she returns "holding by the hand a little girl of a fair and wonderful beauty, who carries Tytlyl's dove pressed in her arms." And by the miracle of Tytlyl's sacrifice, the bird is blue. But as Tytlyl attempts to show her how to feed the dove, it escapes and flies away.

"Never mind, ... don't cry I will catch him again," Tytlyl reassures her. And with all the grace of Peter Pan, appealing to the public for their belief in fairies, Tytlyl steps to the front of the stage and addresses the audience.

"If any of you should find him, would you be so kind as to give him back to us? We need him for our happiness, later on "

I have quoted from the play somewhat at length in an attempt to illustrate the strange, iridescent beauty which plays through the scenic directions, evoking in exquisite detail infinite panoramas of undreamed splendour, and imagery of rare delicacy and grace. Maeterlinck's faculty for the pictorial, his exotic detail and description, has affected recent drama far more than the interwoven philosophic element, which is so essentially inimitable.

Peter Pan and The Blue Bird are as yet without artistic peers. It would be difficult to discern just which has been more influential in determining the nature of subsequent fairy plays. We may, without doubt, attribute to Barrie that delicate naivete of tone which is so frequent in the more recent plays, and to Maeterlinck the picturesque prodigality of

scenic invention, which is a factor of increasing importance. In fact, recent plays may well be termed almost the result of a purposed infusion of the whimsical phantasy of Barrie's plays with Maeterlinckian imagery and symbolism.

To illustrate my point I may cite a scene from an exquisite bit of phantasy by Oliphant Down, "The Maker of Dreams," (1911).

The Manufacturer has made his entrance in the moonlight to the little home of Pierrot and Pierrette, whimsical creatures who have much in common with Barrie's Pantaloon and Columbine. The Manufacturer is, however, quite unique, "a curious, kindly-looking old man who yet with all his years does not appear infirm. He wears a quaintly cut bottle-green coat, with silver buttons and large side pockets, which almost hide his knee breeches. His shoes have large buckles and red heels. He is exceedingly unlike a prosperous manufacturer, and but for his absence of a violin would be taken for a village fiddler. Without a word he advances into the room, and again of its own accord, the door closes noiselessly behind him. . . . Soon the following conversation takes place.

Manufacturer: You don't know who I am.

Pierrot: That makes no difference. All are welcome, and we thank you for your courteous attention.

Manufacturer: Pierrot, I am a maker of dreams -

Pierrot: A what?

Manufacturer: I make all the dreams that float about this musty world.

Pierrot: I say, you'd better have a rest for a bit. I expect you're a trifle done up.

Manufacturer: Pierrot, Pierrot, you're superior mind can't tumble to my calling. I am a maker of dreams, little things that glide about into people's hearts and make them glad. Haven't you often wondered where the swallows go in autumn? They come to my workshop, and tell me who wants a dream and what happened to the dreams they took with them in the spring.

Pierrot: Oh, I say, you can't expect me to believe that.

Manufacturer: When flowers fade, have you never wondered where their colours go, or what becomes of the butterflies in winter? There isn't much winter about my workshop.

Pierrot: I had never thought of it before.

Manufacturer: It's a kind of lost property office, where every beautiful thing that the world has neglected finds its way. And there I make my celebrated dream called "Love."

Pierrot: Ho ho! Now we're talking.

Manufacturer: You don't believe in it?

Pierrot: Yes, in a way. But it doesn't last. It doesn't last. If there is form, there isn't soul, and if there is soul, there isn't form. Oh, I've tried hard enough to believe in it, but after the first wash the colours run.

Manufacturer: You only got hold of a substitute. Wait until you see the genuine article.

Pierrot: But how is one to tell it?

Manufacturer: There are heaps of signs. As soon as you get the real thing, your shoulder blades begin to tingle. That's love's wings sprouting. And next year you want to soar up among the stars and sit on the roof of heaven and sing to the moon. Of course that is because I put

a lot of the moon into my dreams. I break bits off until its nearly all gone and then let it grow big again. It grows very quickly, as I daresay you've noticed. After a fortnight it is ready for use once more.

Pierrot: This is most awfully fascinating. And do the swallows bring all the dreams?

Manufacturer: Not always. I have other messengers. Every night when the big clock strikes twelve, a day slips down from the calendar and runs away to my workshop in the Land of Long Ago. I give him a touch of scarlet and a gleam of gold and say, "Go back, little Yesterday, and be a memory in the World." But my best dreams I keep for today. I buy babies and fit them up with a dream and then send them complete, and carriage paid, in the usual manner.

Pierrot: I've been dreaming all my life, but they've always been dreams I made myself. I suppose I don't mix in properly.

Manufacturer: You leave out the very essence of them. You must put in a little sorrow, just to take away the over-sweetness. I found that out very soon, so I took a little fresh dew that made pearls in the early morning, and I sprinkled my dreams with the gift of tears.

Pierrot: (ecstatically) The gift of tears! How beautiful! You know, I should rather like to try a real dream.

Here we have an excellent imitation of Barrie's tone and treatment, but an additional element of quaint and airy symbolism.

An essentially Maeterlinckian influence is obvious throughout all of the Garden of Paradise (1911). This play of Edward Sheldon's is an exquisite dramatic fairy tale, recounting the adventures of a little wistful mermaid princess who longed for a human soul. The setting of the opening

scene is unique and dazzling.

"Under the Sea. Before the palace of the Merman Emperor. At the left, the palace. At right, under sea-trees, stand imperial thrones. Between the palace and the thrones are three small garden plots. One is in the shape of a fish and a broken rocking-horse stands in the midst of its flowers; the second is in the shape of a mermaid, and in its center is a pilot's wheel; and the third is round in shape, and the flowers twine about the marble statue of a youth, with head upraised.

The Merman Emperor, a stout, quaint, little old gentleman with a long green beard, is seated on his throne. On his head is a crown; he wears royal robes and carries a trident. He is a man to the waist and below that is a fish's tail. Beside him sits his mother, the Empress Dowager. She is very old and bent with white hair under her crown. She knits quietly. Leaning against the cushions at their father's tail, sit the two elder daughters, Thora and Lora. They have long green hair, coronets of pearls, and beautiful glittering green tails. Back of the thrones stand a line of guards, fish in brilliant uniforms, carrying muskets under their fins. Before the throne float the Captain of the Guard, a splendid sword-fish, looking as if he were dressed in shining armor; the Master of Ceremonies, a fat old porpoise, gorgeously attired, and the Chief Musician, another fish, carrying his fiddle under one fin, his bow in the other."

And so we are conducted through scene after scene of wierd and fantastic beauty and strangely elusive symbolism, to a closing act of rare sweetness, where, as in Swanwhite, true love is triumphant over all, and the little mermaid princess is translated into Paradise.

The remarkable success of Peter Pan is an artistic manifestation of what may well be termed a Fairy Renaissance. Perhaps it is merely reaction from the increasing practicality of our times, a real response to the appeal of Peter Pan. Or perhaps it is but another expression of the spirit of this "era of the child." However that may be, the fairy folk of all art and all times now find an ardent and peculiarly sympathetic champion in Mr. James M. Barrie. I quote in conclusion his directions for "The Acting of a Fairy Play."

"The difference between a fairy play and a realistic one is that in the former all the characters are really children with a child's outlook on life. This applies to the so-called adults of the story as well as to the young people. Pull the beard off the Fairy king, and you would find the face of a child.

The actors of a fairy play should feel that it is written by a child in earnestness and that they are children playing it in the same spirit. The scenic artist is another child in league with them.

In England the tendency is always to be too elaborate, to over-act. This is particularly offensive in a fairy piece where all should be quick and spontaneous and should seem artless. A great desire of the actor is "to get everything possible out of a line," to squeeze it dry, to hit the audience a blow with it as from a hammer, instead of making a point lightly and passing on as if unaware that he had made a point. There are many tricks of the stage for increasing this emphasis, and they are especially in favor to strengthen the degraded thing called "the laugh", which is one of the curses of the English stage. Every time an audience stops a play to guffaw, the illusion of the stage is lost, and the actor has the hard task

of creating it anew. Don't force the laugh. An audience can enjoy itself without roaring, as the French know.

In short, the cumulative effect of naturalness is the one thing to aim at. In a fairy play you may have many things to do that are not possible in real life, but you conceive yourself in a world in which they are ordinary occurrences and act accordingly. Never do anything because there is an audience but only and entirely because you think this is how the character in that fanciful world would do it. No doubt there should be a certain exaggeration in acting, just as much as there is in stage scenery, which is exaggerated not to be real, but to seem real." ¹

"In effect a fairy play has a realness all its own and is an artistic protest against the persistent and sometimes narrow minded attempts at identifying drama with the sober realities of every day." ²

1. Harpers' Weekly, Vol 50, p. 201
2. Heller

V.

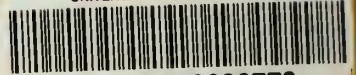
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